

## **Neglected Fields**

# **"Whatever That Tempts"**

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From distant wave to hurricane  
From secret lust to world aghast  
And pain inane  
Yes, chaos proliferous  
Chaos spawn, grown  
From serpent speech to deeds eldritch  
From blow to storm  
From high-raised hands to interment  
And hate innate  
As the plot unwinds  
As these pestilent spores we imbibe  
... Forever rage's becoming guide  
Burn every seed-  
Whatever that tempts, that enslaves,  
Whatever that they've unleashed upon.  
Us; another triumph of hate  
Another spirit in quest  
The link of wrath in a chain of scorn.  
Every doubt...

Too blotesque the icon they paint  
What is this substance to call it God?  
The poison is vomited out,  
It's a vicious art.

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